ALATE NEWS ITEMS

Professional Cards.

Cards Inserted Under this Head as Follows: DOATE & BADRETT'

DENTISTS, HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE-In McKibben block, S. High street

C. H. COLLINS.

COLLINS & COLLINS.

CTTORDETS AT LAW,
HILLSBORO, OHIO. OFFICE-Rooms 1 and 2 Smith Block, corner Main and Bigh streets. A Notary Public in office.

DENTIST, HILLABOBO, O.
Ornion—Hibben block, fermerly Herald office

ATTORNEY AT LAW OFFICE-Corner of Main and High streets Merchants' National Bank Building.

GHORGE B. GARDER. ATTORNEY AT LAW MILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE-Over Feibel's Clothing Store. J. R. CALLAMAN, D. D. S.

DENTIST. HILLSBORO, O. OFFICE-Over Feibel's Clothing Store, Main Engagements by telephone. maristf

HARMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW OFFICE-Southeast corner Main and High streets, room up-stales. auglyl

W C. DUCKWALL, D. D. S. DENTIST.

HILLSBORO, O.
OFFICE-Opposite Dr. Hoyt's, W. Main street. RUSS & VANDYKE,

Physicians and Surgeons, OFFICE-No. 86 West Main street, above McGuire's Tobacco Factory. mylyl OLIN J. ROSS,

Attorney at Law and Notary Public OFFICE—In Straus Building, over Feibel's Clothing Store.

Will now give his entire time to the practice of his profession. He has had extensive experience, and will give special attention to the treatment of Chronic Disease. Office—In McKibben's New Block, up stairs, High street, Mesidence, No. 51 North High street, 2 doors north of Clifton House, formerly occupied by Rugh Swearingen, Hillsbore, Ohio. juli8y1

A LLEN T. BOATMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

HILLSBORO, OHIO. Office-Strauss building, Rooms Nos. 8 and 10 M. A. PAYNY.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HILLSBORO, OHIO.

TOHN T. HIRE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW Orrice-In Smith's Block, corner Main *FAll business intrusted to my care will receive prompt attention.

W. S. PATTERSON, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Over Quinn Brothers' drug-store

O. M. OVERNAN, JASON J. PURKEY, O. S, Pasca, Cashie

Citizens' National Bank. Of Hillsboro, O.

Door a General Banking and Back.
Business. Government and County
Bonds bought and soid.

First National Bank

HILLSBORO, OHIO. Capital \$100,000. Surplus \$20,000.

INCURE IN The PHCBNIX, of Hartford, Conn

Fire, Tornado and Farm Insurance FRANK S. GLENN, Agent.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS. VHE Board of Sobool Examiners of Highland county give notice, that examinations of plicants for Certificates will take place in the above Union School building on the first mrday of every month, and on the third Satisfy of February, March, April, August, Sepaker and October. The Examination fee certified by law is 50 cents. By order of the

TRAMP PRINTER

Visits the Ohio Penitentiary

And Tells Us All About It

Highland County Convicts-At Supper -The Insane- The Inmates of the Annex - Berner - McKimle-About the Management-The Parole and Grade Plans-In general.

I have visited the "pen." It is a big thing. It will take all the space at my disposal to tell just a little bit of the inormation I gathered out there.

Through the kindness of Mr. Martin Warden Peetry down, and shown many of the sights inaccessible to the ordinary visitor. Captain Kehoe has been an official at the institution through two administrations, which (as he is a Republican) illustrates better than anything I might say, the fact that he is efficient and reliable, and which has also given him opportunities to become thoroughly familiar with all the interesting nocks and corners of the big grim prison. I am also under obligations to Chief Clerk Lang, Deputy Warden Marricett, Assistant Deputy Warden Stensall and various other officials of the institution.

I entered just in time to see the convicts going to supper. They filed out of their various wards in squads, each squad with its guard walking just behind, and stood waiting in the yard, just outside the dining-hall. At a given signal they were marched in and seated. For supper they had bread and molasses and coffee, nicely and cleanly prepared I went through the kitchen and bakery, in the latter of which I saw Joe Slusser. His work is not hard and he looks to be in good health, though rather pale from confinement. I talked with him awhile, and found him hopeful of ultimate release. If he should ever be so fortunate as to breathe the air of freedom it is to be hoped that his lesson will have had a beneficial effect. There are boys in Hillsboro now, who might profit by his

experience—but will they? Whatever may be said to the contrary, the convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary live better than a great many people who have the privilege of running around loose. " The bread that they use is all made in the prison bakery and it is splendid chewing. I inspected the big rows of fragrant loaves, and they worse bread than that. It takes a big amount to feed them all, and they are allowed all they want. At dinner they have one kind of meat and vegetables, tites something like the one by which I am remembered wherever I have been, I realize that even convict life has its pleasant side.

I also visited the hospital, chanelsprotestant and catholic -asylum-con taining insane convicus—the library, and, I guess about everything that was to be seen. After supper I saw one class march to school, which is held in the Catholic Chapel each night. The convicts (there were 1608 in the prison at the time of my visit) are divided into three classes for school, which use the chapel "turn about." Each class is subdivided into a number of classes, all under a general instructor paid by the State, and each of the sub-divisions is taught by a convict whose educational advantages had been better (or better improved) than those of his fellows. Among the teachers is a university graduate, and one ex-school principal. It was indeed gratifying to note the interest the poor fellows seemed to take in their studies. Many who could not read or write when admitted leave the place with the rudiments of a useful education in their heads. Though this is but an experiment it has proved an undoubted success. There are many reasons why it is so. Even if the convicts do not really care to learn it gives them recreation outside of the narrow walls of their cells, and they grasp the opportunity eagerly, and they can't very well help but learn a little, anyway, and they are all very attentive. It is optional with them whether they attend or not. I had a long talk with Instruct or Rafferty, and he says that his pupils are doing splendidly.

THE CRASY WARD, or asylum is to the right of the entrance and contains those whose minds are not considered 'sactly. An ordinary insane asylum, with gaunt, hollow-eyed, un-kempt, ghostly-looking maniacs, grin-ning or sulking, behind the bars, or pointing their skeleton-like fingers at you is terrible enough, but when they wear the convicts stripes—how terrible, indeed. The glances of the poor wretches still linger with me—and will bey ever be forgotten? And yet I saw a sadder sight when

THREE DOOMED MUEDERERS, rho, under the statute requiring all exbave to pay the penalty for their terrible crimes. The iron door unlocked, I was shown into an ante-room, leading to the room containing the scaffold—a room, the solid brick walls of which are paint-

shown "the annex," containing the

ed as black as night. A wooden stair- very unjustly by a great many journals way leads up from the floor below, and throughout the State. by it I ascended and stood on the trap, which sprung, has sent two murderers to their fate and which waits silently but surely for-others. A door leads from it to an adjoining cell into which the doomed is placed shortly before the prisoners are paroled:

three who are now awaiting their doom. which, like a guillotine, is swiftly descending upon them. In the first cell is Webster, a mild looking young fellow, whom no one would pick out as the perpetrator of the terrible crime for which he will pay his life in July. He is from Ashtabula county. Next comes Bowling, from Newark, also a young man, who hangs in June; and the other is Grover, from Wood county, whose turn comes first—he is to be hanged on the 14th of Kehoe, Captain of the Night Watch, I first—he is to be hanged on the 14th of the present month—or about the time you are reading this. The men seemed cheerful-most remarkably so consider ing their situation, and in reply to my interrogatory as to how he felt, Webster suavely replied that he was "doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances." God knews I felt sorry

for the poor devils-but I couldn't help

keep him from "getting on" to the fact that he was the object of my inquiry. I tried to look as though looking at someone beyond him, but he is as sly as a fox. I had never seen him and he had never seen me. I was just a kid when he was at the height of his renown, and I didn't get to see him. But when he saw a strange and evidently wealthy and distinguished gentleman (me) conversing with his guard he was at once on the alert. I almost imagined I saw him prick up his ears. He glanced frequently toward me, and though I continued to look innocent and guileless I never glanced quickly toward him but that he was watching me. When I looked at him he pretended to be deeply interest-ed in his bread and molasses, but he conmade me so hungry I had to taste one of tinued to watch me from the corner of them. I shall not kick if I never have his eyes. After supper I paid my respects at his private spartments, cell "1370-2F-16" as it is recorded in the prison books.

"Someone wants to see you, Bob," and when I saw the long row after row said the official, as we halted before a of the unfortunates eating with appe- a cell door in the second tier up from

Quick as a flash he asked "Who is it?" I introduced myself, and he seemed very willing to talk.

"I'd invite you inside," he said, with a laugh, "but I haven't much room." and he continued:

"From Hillsbore? Well, I suppose they remember me down there. How's Uncle Sammy Newell? Oh, yes, he shot me once, but he didn't mean any harm by it. You see," he said gaily, as though the memories of those days were extremely pleasant, "the time he sho me there was a lot of tramps in jaillasy cusses who hadn't had as good beds and board before in their lives-and they were a-kickin' and cussin' around there till they had the old man nearly crary. Oh, I guess the people down there sin't so awfully down on me. I've got lots of friends there yet. No, I don't go to school. My education's finished' and that was so funny that he giggled

He was cheerful to a degree that astonished me. His complexion is florid, considering the time he has been confined, his hair is cropped close, and his face is close-shaven. The engraving of him in my last doesn't resemble him a great deal, but I declare, it looks more like him than any of the pictures that appeared in any of the papers down our way at the time of his capture. He is working in the stoye foundry, and the officials say his behavior has been ex-

"A fellow's a fool not to behave in here," he said. "He's everything to gain and nothing to lose by good behavior. If a man behaves here he gets along pretty well, and as for me, I ain't getting any more than I deserve. I deserve ed all I got; I acknowledge that, and I ain't blaming anybody."

Thus he talked, spurred on by an ocasional interrogatory from outside the bars, until I had to go, when we shook ingers and bade each other adieu.

There have been a great many experiments tried in the Ohio "pen" of recent years. It has been conducted on enter prising plans, tending to the general bettering of the condition of the prison and convicts. Having gone through the institution and seen how things work I feel certain that no blame can be attachto Warden Peetry or any of the officials. Every cent has been accounted for, and

Among the experiments that are prov ing highly successful is A Story in Six Chapters.

THE PAROLE SYSTEM, which will be better understood after reading the following rules under which

fatal day, and from which he can go to
the black room and his execution at a
step. Beyond this room so fraught with
terrors is the cell room, where I saw the
three who are now a withing their dear.

"Know all men by these presents,
That the Board of Managers of the Ohio
Penitentiary, desiring to test the ability
of——a prisoner of said institution, to
refrain from crime and lead an honorrefrain from crime and lead an honorable life, do, by virtue of the authority conferred upon them by law, hereby parole the said—and allow him te go on parole outside the buildings and enclosures of said institution, but not outside the State of Ohio, subject, however, to the following rules and regulations: ist. He shall proceed at once to the place of employment provided for him, viz:—and there remain, if practicable, for a period of at least six months from this date. 2d. In case he finds it desirable to change his employment or residence, he shall first obtain the written consent of the Secretary of said Board of Managers. 3d. He shall, on the first day of each month until his final release according to law, forward the first day of each month until his final release according to law, forward by mail to the Secretary of such Board, a report of himself, stating whether he has been constantly under pay during the last month, and if not, why not, and how much he has earned and how much he has earned and how much he has expended, together with a general statement of his surroundings and prospects. 4th. He shall in all respects, conduct himself honestly, avoid evil associations, obey the law and abthem.

While the prisoners were at supper

RERNER

was, at my urgent request, pointed out to me. He is, as I had always heard, very innocent in appearance. He looks very boyish, having, so far, no signs of a beard. The cause of the Cincinnati riot doesn't look as though he telt so very bad because of his sins. He looks, indeed, as though he was just boarding there awhile, and rather enjoying himself.

While they were at supper I also had my first view of

"LITTLE REDDY."

He was pointed out to me and I tried to keep him from "getting on" to the fact that he was the object of my inquirer

The shall in all reports, conduct himself honestly, avoid evil associations, obey the law and abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. 5th. As soon as possible after reaching his destination, he shall report to—show him his parole, and at once enter upon the employment provided for him. 6th. He shall be liable to be retaken and again confined within the enclosure of said institution for any reason that shall be satisfactory to the Board of Managers and at their sole discretion. The management of said institution has a lively and friendly interest in the subject of this parele, and he need not hesitate to freely communicate with the Secretary in case he loses his situation or becomes unable to labor by reason of sickness or otherwise."

Following the above is a description

Following the above is a description of the prisoner. Only those not confined for murder and of good behavior can be paroled, and only such of those as the Board sees fit. It offers encouragement to the convicts to be industrious upright and sober.

Other good plans are the abolishment of the lock-step and the grading of convict according to behavior.

THE GRADE SYSTEM

allows these of the first grade to wear blue suits, have light later at night, and enjoy various other privileges not alowed the other grades. The second grade, wears gray, and are allowed privileges not accorded the third or worst grade, which wears the old time stripes. This plan also offers incentives to the prisoners to behave themselves and im-

Since the prison was founded it has contained 18,226 convicts. At present the prisoners are proportioned thus: The Methodists, (always enterprising), majority profess no religious belief whatever. Hamilton county furnishes the greatest number of prisoners-285and Carroll county, the least-only one.

I saw Mr. Littler, a Highland county guard, while present. I could write more-lets more-

it's bed time and I am sleepy. I may still have something to say o Columbus next week.

rampfrinter Farmers, stock-raisers, livery stable men nd dairymen unite in praise of Day's Hors

The health of the baby is dependent upo its freedom from the pernicious effects copium. Always use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup its stead. 25 c.

Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills are one of thos rare remedies which should always be kept in the house. fic

A porter in a Paris wholesale drug house stole enough drugs to set up an apothecary shop of his own. Take one of Dr. J. H. McLean's Homos-pathic Liver and Kidney Pilletts every other night for a week, and you will be gratified to find how cheerful and vigorous you will feel. For sale by Seybert & Co.

The New Orleans papers deny the report that the Eads jettles in the mouth

of the Mississippi are filling up. Few People Escape

The taint of scrofuls in the blood. With many it is hereditary; but it may also be acquired from want of air or lack of exercise, from improper food, or any cause which brings about weakness of the body and impurity of the blood. The disease is characterized by running access, about the weakness of the blood. rity of the blood. The disease is characterized by running sores, abcesses, swellings, enlarged joints, sore eyes, etc. No medicine has been so successful in ouring scrofuls, as Hood's Sarsparilla. The most terrible running sores gradually disappear under the purifying and strengthesing influences of this great medicine. If you are a sufferer from scrofuls and desire more evidence as to the wonderful success of Hood's Sarsaparilla, send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing many remarkable cures.

"Outing" is to be made an interna tional monthly, and will be published on the other side of the Atlantic on May

Horse Notes.

"I take pleasure in saying that when my horses were sick with what was called lung fever, last spring, I gave Simmons Liver Regulator (liquid) in one cunce doses, twice a day. They all recovered speedily.

E. T. MICHENER,
"Prop'r Michener's Express, Jenkintown, Pa."

"I wish to state that a valuable horse of mine was taken with coile, and, after using all means available, the thought struck me (as I had no salte in the house) to use Simmons Liver Regulator. After giving about four cunces of it, in the lapse of a half hour he had an operation and was cured. I think it valuable information to yourselves and stock relears.

Yours respectfully,

"W. A. Halland, Jessueville, Ga."

DOWN TO CALICO.

BY JANIE DIMPLE CHIN.

CHAPTER IV. Gertrude had been flattered by her father's praise of Dick on the day I have mentioned, and several times subse quently, but after the Marley trial began the Judge had no compliments for the gifted young barrister. A thousand dollars were at stake, and the Judge had no respect for any man who was trying to get a thousand dollars from him. The prisoner being under an indictment for murder in the first degree, the defense had the advantage of a score of peremptory challenges. The venire of jurors was exhausted and special venires were brought in. The defense used all its peremptory challenges save one. There Judge Davenport thought best to stop, and Dick wondered why he did not use that one too. The make-up of the jury looked more intelligent now than it did when the Judge began to challenge, and intelligence was all Dick wanted in the jury box. The State's witnesses were sworn in the afternoon of the second day, and Dick conducted the examination in chief, while Judge Davenport cross-examined. The testimony of the State came from men of good character, who teld their story in a straight-forward manner. Some were a little flustered, but Dick's coolnes reas sured them and they testified without prevarication, although several were subjected to severe cross-examination from the gray-haired Judge. The Judge was tricky, and sandwiched his crossexamination with incompetent ques tions, but he was not sharper than Dick. The latter would interrupt the questioner, and make his point of objection be fore the witness had time to answer. The Judge was not always prepared for Dick's sallies, and could not immediately support his position with an argument, and his embarassment on such occasions amused the spectators not a little. It nettled him to have the court over-rule his questioning so often, and now and then he scored the opposing at-

a burst of applause from the crowd, that had to be silenced by the bailiff. At home Judge Davenport did not talk much about the trial, and when he did, it was to grumble at the methods of the State's attorneys, and the impudence whatever he said or did must be just and right. That Dick should insult her respected sire seemed shameful, and she felt that she must reprove him for such ill manners at the earliest opportunity From day to day she read the newspaper reports of the testimony and of the 'spats" among the lawyers. That young fellow like Dick should enter inte a hot debate with an aged man like her father, was certainly in bad taste, she

torneys, but all to no purpose. Dick's

temper was not ruffled by the Judge's

biting remarks. He would have quailed

more before the frown of a pretty girl,

than he did before all that array of legal

talent and eager faces. He always gave

deference to the Court, and at first show

ed respect for Judge Davenport, but when

that gentleman's attacks became per-

sonal, Dick replied with spirit, bringing

Day by day the court room was packed with spectators, watching the progress of the trial. The State's witnesse numbered about a score. They had all seen the killing, and they testified to it with few other than verbal differences. But the defense had an army of wit nesses. Two dozen bloated topers swore that Marley did not drink anything in the saloon; that he played several highly scientific games of pool, while there, and that he could not have been intoxicated at the time he did the shooting. Dick handled these old fellows roughly and, although Judge Davenport objected frequently, it availed nothing. The defense also had witnesses to prove that the accused did not stagger going up the street, and every point of testimony had to be sworn to by a score of witnesses. The Judge was determined to have a preponderance of abstract evidence, no matter whether it proved anything or not.

Hour after hour the crowd shuffled noisely in and out, but no standing room was left unoccupied. The jurymen lounged languidly in their chairs and Smucker yawned in his characteristic way, about every five minutes. Now and then he was aroused by a question from Dick or by a message from the second assistant prosecutor, who was conducting a case outside.

Judge Davenport's opinion of Dick Feasenden, as expressed to his wife and daughter at home, did not mend as the trial drew to a close. Stronger and stronger the State welded its fetters of evidence around the unfertunate Marley, and weaker and weaker grew the Judge's grasp of the fitteen hundred dollar contingency. The Judge heartily hated Dick's unpretending logic, and the collection of cold facts which threat ened to hang the prisoner at the bar. He characterized the young man, whom his daughter had succeeded in "mashing," as "an unprincipled villian and a liar of the deepest dye." It can not be denied that Gertrude, after digesting the newspaper accounts and hearing her father's anathemas, had her high opin-

lowered. The man, whose attentions she had so ardently, but slyly, solicited, was not what she had thought him to be.

When the testimony had all been heard and the pleadings of counsel were in order, the attorneys began to handle their manuscript notes, and recapitulate the evidence. Smucker led off for the State and continued for an hour and a half, during which time the audience was thinned out considerably. He was followed by Hammond who addressed the jury in a calm, forcible appeal, full of well studied points from the evidence. But the effort of the defense was left to Judge Davenport. The Judge was a good deal of an orator, when a little excited. He opened with a smooth flow of perfect diction, and the hearers grew quiet as he proceeded. Very carefully he reviewed the testimony of the defense; and linked his argument together. In closing he loudly denounced the State's evidence, and harangued about the conduct of the opposing attorneys, and his climax was an eloquent pleading to the consciences of the jurors, to put the Golden Rule of humanity into practice. and liberate his client from the stern

clutches of the law. When Dick rose from his seat and stood before the jury-box on the ninth day of the trial, the court-room was packed to almost suffocation. He had been the aggressor on the side of public opinion all through the eight days of unabated interest, and now they were there to hear him champion the cause of the State in the closing argument. Breathless silence reigned through the three hours which he occupied. New and startling points were adduced from testimony that seemed barren of proof. Judge Davenport interrupted with contradictions, but Dick simply appealed to the jury to judge his statements of the evidence and went on, while the Judge angrily clenched his fists and grated his teeth. Dick would not be frustrated by tricks of pettifogging. His voice was clear, his manner easy, and his sentences were short and effective. For the first time his coolness of manner departed, and he threw his whole soul into every expression. Spectators nudged each other as the strong points of his pleading appeared, and old men inwardly prophesied a brilliant future for the fearless young orator who stood before them. The witnesses of the defense were compelled to undergo a trying ordeal. The self-contradictions of the old topers were held up to ridicule, and the applause of the crowd drowned the thumping of the bailiff's gavel. Point after point was scored until the defense's theory was torn to shreds. . Marley put his elbows on the table and buried his face in his hands, and Judge Davenport sat scowling at the spectators, who were too much wrapped up in what they heard to heed his displeasure. Still Dick thundered mallet of indisputable logic. When he closed his face was pale and the perspiration stood upon his brow, and the renewed applause of the crowd was illsuppressed. The Court's charge, calmly delivered, served to allay the excitement Dick's speech had occasioned, but some said the charge leaned a little toward the State's side of the case.

The jury's consultation had lasted an hour and twenty minutes when the verdict was brought in. The dropping of a pin would have sounded harsh in the room as the verdict was read. They had found Andrew Marley guilty of murder in the second degree, and as he was indicted in the second degree, it was narrow escape. There was a murmur of satisfaction in the crowd as it shuffled out. Judge Davenport heard the decision without moving a muscle. His burst of profanity was reserved for the quietude of the law office, where he could lament the loss of fifteen hundred dollars without being in contempt of court.

For days following Dick's name was on everybody's tongue. He was assailed with compliments and congratulations on every hand. He was assured that the future was promising, and that persistence was all that was necessary to success. The source of many of these congratulations was a matter of surprise, but Dick was much bewildered when an old gentleman stopped him on the street one morning, spoke cordially and extended a hand. Dick took the proffered palm and gave it a shake. The man wore gold-bowed spectacles and a silk hat. The mouth was puckered up in a peculiar way that made the familiar face look unnatural to Dick. The puckering was intended for a smile. It was as near a smile as Richard Y. Fessenden's best effort could approacha

"So I hear you beat Tom Davenport in the Marley case," said the banker, continuing his facial hilarity. "I guess so," Dick replied.

"Good for you! Make much out of the case ?"

"Some. The gaining the case did me more good than the money I got out

will help you. Davenport is as mad as a hornet. He was telling me about it this morning. He lost fifteen hundred dollars by not clearing Marley. Glad you won the case. I always like to see young man get away with an old one. But, bless you, Davenport don't feel too

The banker rambled on, rubbing his hands as he talked. Dick made no reply,

ion of Richard Fessenden somewhat and the conversation turned to inciden-

tal matters of a trivial nature. "Dick," said the banker at length, assuming a sort of apologetic air, "may be was a little rough the time you left

"Say the time you ordered me to leave," Dick interrupted, eying his uncle

sharply. "Well, well," said Mr. Fessenden, a flush of embarrassment coming to his face, "there is no use fighting old battles over again. I say I may have been a little rough, and if I was I am sorry for it, and

would like to make amends.' "There are no ifs or ands about it." Dick replied, steadily. "You know you were rough, as you call it, and you were not a little rough, either."

"I see what you are driving at, but there are two sides to everything," Mr. Fessenden rejoined. "However, I do not intend to waste time quibbling about technicalities. I want you to come back and stay with me, and if you can agree to let bygones be bygones, I think we can get along better. You are welcome, but if you do not want to come of course I won't insist. We are related, and the only remaining members of the family, and I feel that we ought at least to be on good terms."

Dick was not inclined to discuss the past any further, although the old wound rankled when touched. His uncle had made him a proposition, and he studied whether to accept or decline.

"You know," Mr. Fessenden added persuasively, "you will be the sole heir to my money when I die."

"Yes, but if I had not had my mother's money left to me I could not have been where I am now, and if I had not been in a prosperous condition you would not have asked me back," Dick answered hotly. "But that is not the point at issue,

"I understand that," Dick said, and then mused silently for a while, gazing at the handle of his umbrella. The banker stroked his whiskers, and waited patiently for Dick's decision.

"Well, your proposition seems a fair one," Dick said slowly. "Family quarrels are always unpleasant and disgraceful, I admit; so if it won't be too much trouble, you may expect me at your louse next week.'

"Oh, no trouble at'all," Mr. Fessenden eplied, putting on a fresh counterfeit smile. "Jemima can put down another plate, and there is plenty of room for you in the old place." So saying the banker nodded stiffly and walked away.

During the progress of the Marley trial Dick had discontinued his attentions to Gertrude. For once, at least, his mind had been so much occupied with legal matters that he forgot his feminine friends. But now that Elsie had unceremoniously broken the engagement, he felt impelled to renew his his arguments at the astonished jurors. playful courtship of Gertrude, and prosof young Fessenden. Gertrude could He reminded them of their duty to so- ecute it more vigorously. Accordingly, come first; Catholics, second; Baptists, not guess the reason for her father's ciety and their oath to the State, and he some days after the trial he addressed a to the one we have read of before. He knew of Judge Davenport's enmity toward him, but he also knew how fiercely lawyers quarrel in the court room, and then shake hands outside, without harboring any ill feeling toward each other, and so he paid little attention to the report. Having dispatched the note by a carrier, Dick took up a book to read while he waited for a reply. To a gentle rap on the door he responded, "come in," without looking up, but when he saw that his visitor was a lady, he was on his feet in an instant, apologizing for laziness. Florence Fisher sat in the easy arm chair by the window. She had come to invite Dick to an evening party at her own home, and when passing his office thought she would waive the formality of ink and paper and extend the invitation personally. She feared she had interrupted Dick's meditations, but he assured her that such was not the case. This was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, for Dick never objected to informal calls from pretty girls. And Florence did seem pretty—prettier than he had ever seen her before.

"Pretty little laugh, dainty little hands, rosy little mouth," Dick said to himself as she sat there chatting gaily and drumming on the arm of the chair with her fingers. Aye, and one of Cupid's little arrows found a lodgment in Dick's heart in that thoughtless little interview. Judge Davenport's servant, the lank colored boy, laid an envelope on Dick's desk, grinned and departed. Dick observed Gertrude's handwriting, but did not open the letter while Florence remained. When she had gone, he broke the seal and read the message. It was not so brief nor so pleasant as the last one he had received. The language was provokingly dignified. Gertrude thought Dick merited a trenchant rebuke for treating her father so uncivilly, and she determined to administer it. She expressed her opinion of Dick's conduct. and said that her father forbade her receiving further attentions from him That was what the note contained. Gertrude had not intended to completely cut off Dick Fessenden's intentions. She reasoned that Dick would make an eloquent apology, which she could persuade her father to accept, and then affairs would go on as formerly. But Dick did not apologise.

In the public rejoicing at Dick Fessen den's legal victory, Richard Y. Fessen-den joined with alacrity. He boasted of